No 35 Oct. 13th, 1973 Every Monday 3½p.

Debbie

WIN A TREASURE CHEST WITH £25
See Inside

Our Debbie's party dress is new,
So Maisie thought she'd "dress-up," too!

LISA — THE LONELY BALLERINA

★The picture that put Lisa back in the picture.

A whisper went through the audience when they saw I had no shoes. But the real Cinderella had no shoes either. Can my dancing make them forget about the shoes?

LISA BLAKE wanted to be a famous ballerina like her dead mother. Lisa's ballet shoes had disappeared and she had to dance the part of Cinderella in her bare feet.

That child has ruined everything! My reputation as a ballet teacher will never be the same.

I've won at last. My niece's career is finished.

But Lisa's beautiful dancing soon had the audience in raptures—

She is as talented as her mother. All my plans have been worth while.

You should have given me that part, Miss Davenport. I wouldn't have let you down—

Such poise and grace—it's unbelievable in one so young.

Hush, Rebecca! Lisa is inspired.

Take a taxi to Lisa's home and search for her shoes. She must have them for the last act.

We'll find them, Miss Davenport. Don't you worry.

Oh, Lisa, you were marvellous!

All my anger has gone, Lisa. Sit down and rest, child.

13.10.73

" Her feet are covered in splinters!"

Gosh! Her feet are covered in splinters!

But I didn't feel a thing. All I felt was the joy of dancing.

Here, let me get those splinters out. The poor child can't go on again with feet like this.

But I'll be all right, Aunt Edith.

It's no trouble, my dear.

Oh! You're hurting me!

They're all out now. How does that feel, Lisa?

Someone get the first-aid box.

We found your shoes on the kitchen floor. You must have dropped them as you were leaving, Lisa.

How could I? The zip on my bag was closed!

Refreshments, everyone? I made them myself.

How thoughtful of you.

Oh, crumbs! Is it possible that my aunt is my secret enemy?

Soon afterwards—

I must snap out of this mood. Now I'm supposed to dance for sheer joy.

What's happened to the girl? All her vitality seems to have gone. Somehow I must help her.

Goodness! That's Mummy's picture. She would never have let anything interfere with her dancing.

13.10.73

" I shall never forget this moment."

Lisa, I want to speak to you.
Not just now, Aunt Edith. You see, I have someone to thank for this wonderful evening— and I must hurry or the person will leave.

Lisa, I have something to tell you—something I should have told you a long time ago. Your father is not dead.
Oh! You mean I'm not an orphan after all?

Lisa hears some shattering news, NEXT WEEK.

Jane Green-SECOND FORMER

★ Headmaster Hughes causes havoc at Hill Grange! ★

***JANE GREEN** was a Second Form pupil at Hill Grange School. Temporary headmaster Harry Hughes had some strange ideas—*

Harry had tried to sweep away school uniform, abolish the timetable and introduce boys' games.

Doing a spot of strolling, eh, lad? And why are you wearing that silly uniform?
Actually, sir, this is my Art period, and I'm going sketching. As for the uniform, I wear it because I like it, sir . . .

Pah, you keep sticking to your timetables, wearing uniforms and calling me 'sir'. How old-fashioned can you get, lad? But that easel reminds me. Carry on, lad!

Poor Harry thinks that old things must be bad. He doesn't understand that they may be far better than some new-fangled ideas that don't work . . .

Lynn and Bev, Jane's best friends, raced up.
Hey, Jane, Happy Harry's at it again!
He's got another bee in his bonnet or bat in his belfry, Jane. This you must see!

" My secret guardian must have spent a fortune on me."

Bev found it hard to make Harry stay still long enough to tell him.

Sir, we buy all our own books, we provide our own equipment.

No matter, lad. Full kit inspection. Turn out your lockers!

If that rain-cloud comes this way, there's going to be an even bigger scatter!

All school work stopped till Harry checked "stock" . .

Gosh, I never realised I had such a pile of lumber, Jane.

My secret guardian must have spent a fortune on me.

Maths books, check, Latin books, check. German grammar, where's your German grammar, boy? Get it. Turn your locker and your desk out.

But, sir, I don't take German, and I haven't got a grammar!

Harry checked everything, and then—

Ha! One turban. Where's the turban? Find the turban!

Really, Mr Hughes, it must be a mistake.

No mistake, Matron. It's on the list. One turban. It must be produced. And another thing . . .

Should be three hundred copies of "Sing Gloom Away", and we're one short. Find it!

How would it be if I gave you the money for it, sir?

A complete top-to-bottom search of Hill Grange was started.

How about this? Think Harry would settle for this instead of a turban?

Atchooo! Wow, this dust has brought on my hay-fever!

Some of the girls, including Arlene Vavasour, were furious.

What does he think we are? We should go on strike!

You never know, Arlene, you might uncover the lost treasure of Hill Grange or something! Have fun!

"You DARE to call your Head mad!"

The Second Form trio were given the job of checking the cellars and lumber rooms . . . and then . . .

Hey, Jane! Lynn! I think the staff are going on strike. Come, quickly!

Look, Mr Hughes, this stock-taking has gone far enough. It's starting to rain, and valuable equipment will be damaged—my art gear, Miss Lambie's musical instruments, Miss Moore's gym apparatus. This mad search should stop.

You DARE to call your Head mad! I'll have you dismissed. Stock-taking is VITAL!

It's gone far enough. It was a great giggle, but Harry is all right, even if he is a shade nutty. I'm going to see him in the Head's study.

Jane decided to take Harry Hughes at his word. He claimed to hate formality . . .

Listen, Harry, let me have a look at the lists, please.

What? Oh, er, all right, lad. "Harry", eh! Well, well!

Now this "turban". Who would expect to find a turban on Matron's list? Take a close look, Harry . . .

That's not "turban", Harry, it's "tureen". You know, the dish you put soup in!

You're right, lad!

And there, I think, is the missing copy of "Sing Gloom Away".

Jumping fleas, so it is. Sharp work, lad, er, girl!

Later, in the tuck-shop, after all the "stock" had been put back—

Mr Hughes insisted on giving me a pound. And he actually called me "girl"—and he asked me, as a favour, not to call him "Harry". He said that "sir" would do!

Harry-boy is seeing the light! But I hope he doesn't change too much. He's a riot as he is!

13.10.73

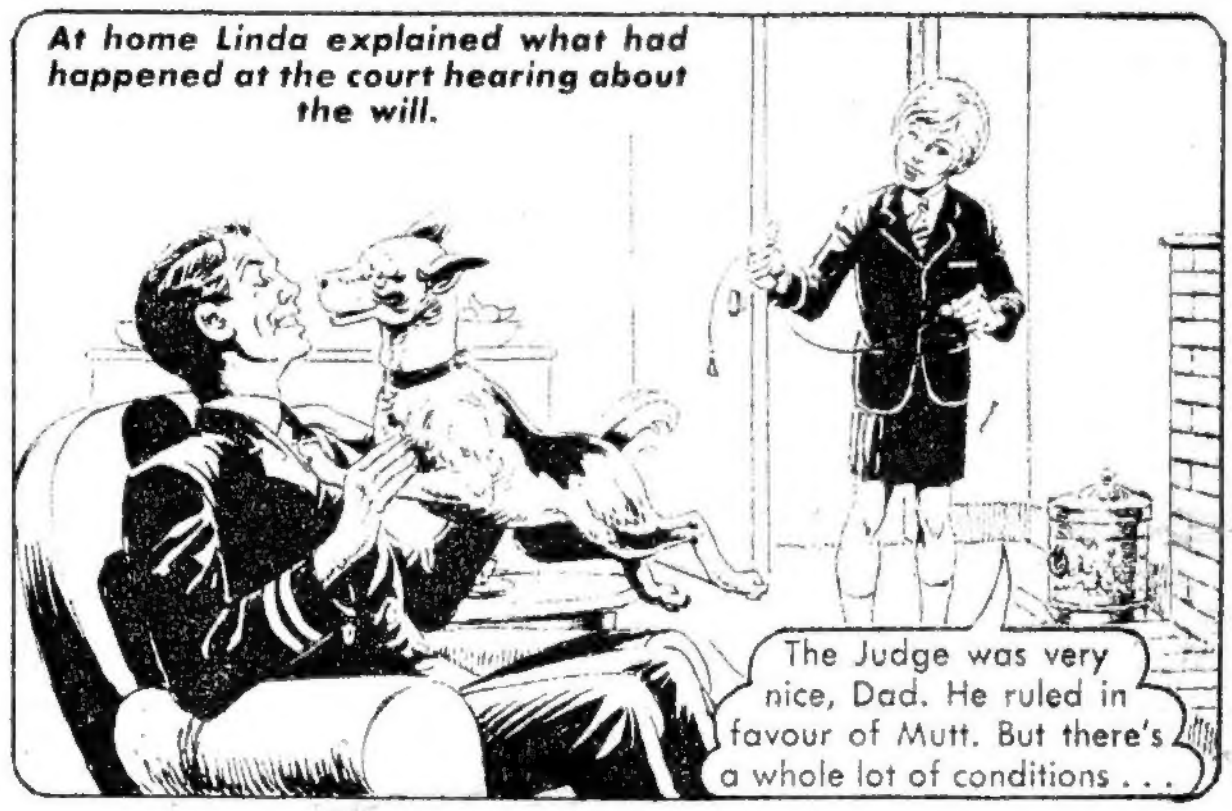
Jane helps to build a hi-fi system, NEXT WEEK.

MILLION POUND MUTT

★Meet Mutt's mob!★

***LINDA MORGAN** was the owner of a dog called Mutt which had inherited a fortune from an old lady.*
But the old lady's relatives were doing their utmost to get the money.

When the dog dies, or if any of the conditions of the will are broken, one-third of the money goes to you.
I hope as my late aunt's lawyer, Mr Gilmour, you'll let us have a list of those conditions, please.


At home Linda explained what had happened at the court hearing about the will.
The Judge was very nice, Dad. He ruled in favour of Mutt. But there's a whole lot of conditions . . .

I've got to spend so much money on Mutt every week, and I've got to keep him on a lead when he's in a street, and,—you're not listening, Dad!
How can I, with this thing under my nose!

You can use up Mutt's fortune just paying for the breakages he causes!
Well, there's a clause in the will about that, too, Dad. Any damage Mutt does is to be paid for at once, so you're all right.

One of the other conditions is that at least ten pounds a week must be spent on the very best meat for Mutt.
FUP
Ten pounds! Why, the poor dog will be like a barrel in no time.

" It's a waste to feed food like that to any dog."

Ten pounds will buy about ten pounds weight of expensive steak, Linda. It's a waste to feed food like that to any dog.

PUP

I've got an idea about that, Mum. Come on, Mutt, you need a gallop to shake your dinner down!

Linda took Mutt down by the canal . . .

Suddenly . . .

Hey!

Get off, mongrel!

I'm sorry, but you shouldn't have leapt out from behind a bush like that. You're lucky Mutt didn't knock you into the canal.

Anyway, I've seen all I need to see. The dog was off the lead. You've broken a condition of the will.

Oh! You're some sort of snooper!

Fred Snell, Private Investigator. Retained by the Misses Euphemia and Clarice Fraser to check on the will's conditions.

The nieces really want that money, don't they?

L STORE

We're going to have that ten pounds worth of meat, Mutt. If they take your fortune away from you, that'll be ten pounds less for the nasty nieces.

CHICKEN

LAMB

There you are, Linda. Mutt's not going to eat that lot, is he?

He'd like to try. Look at him begging, and he's just finished his dinner!

But Fred Snell was still on Mutt's trail.

In the butcher's, Fred posed as an official from the Dog Care Society.

I don't see that I need to tell you, but Linda's given me a standing order for ten pounds worth of meat every week.

Oh well, that's one condition she's fulfilling. If she feeds the dog that amount, he'll soon burst and then the money will go to my clients!

" Right, Mutt, off you go and round up the gang."

Linda visited Mr Gilmour.

Don't worry about this business, Linda. Just do as I told you, and I'll take care of Snell.

You've taken a load off my mind, Mr Gilmour. Thanks.

Fred Snell kept on following Linda, who led him to the park.

Right, Mutt, off you go and round up the gang. I'll meet you by the bandstand.

Dog off the lead again. But I need a witness. There's a man coming across the park. I'll ask him to be a witness.

All I want you to do, sir, is note that a dog is off the lead, swear to that in court, and collect a big fee! This way, sir.

But when Snell went behind the bandstand—

Ow! I'm bein' attacked! I'll be killed!! Owww!!!

Meet Mutt's Mob, Mr Snell. They won't hurt you, but you can't expect them to like you!

Call them off!

I'm your witness, Mr Snell. My name is Gilmour, lawyer to the late Mrs Fraser. The point is, Snell, that the will says "on the lead IN A STREET". This is a park, Snell.

O.K., Mr Gilmour. Just get them dogs off me. I take the point!

Later—

The will says "Ten pounds worth of meat for Mutt", but it doesn't say he has to eat it!

You're a very smart lady, Linda, and a lot of dogs are going to love you for it. But look out for Snell. And there are other conditions to the will, remember!

13.10.73

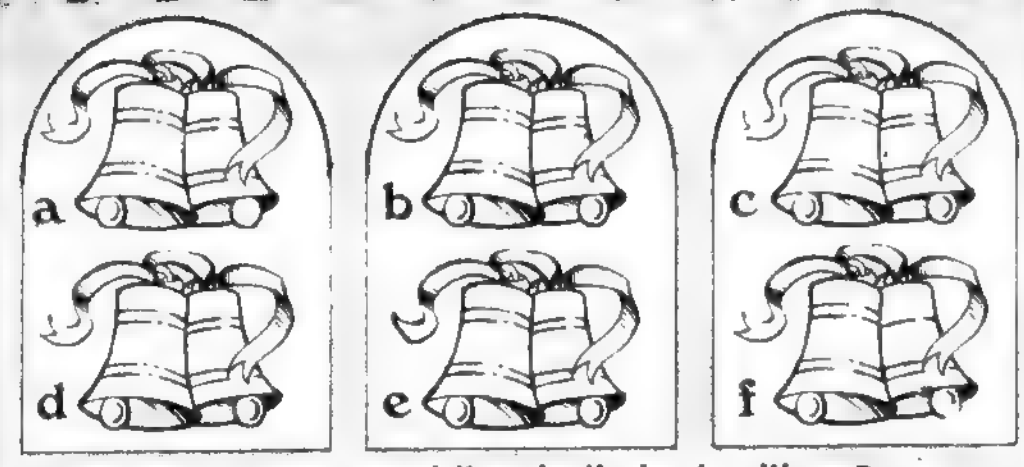
NEXT WEEK—Mutt gets a new kennel — but won't sleep in it!

Debbie's BRIGHT SPOT

Hi, girls,

Most girls love to see a wedding so here's a page of puzzles, all about weddings. The answers are at the foot of the page, together with our fab Star Cut-Outs.

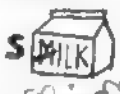
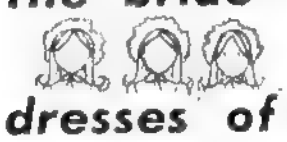
Debbie



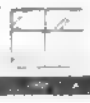
1—All these wedding bells look alike. But only two sets are identical. Which ones?

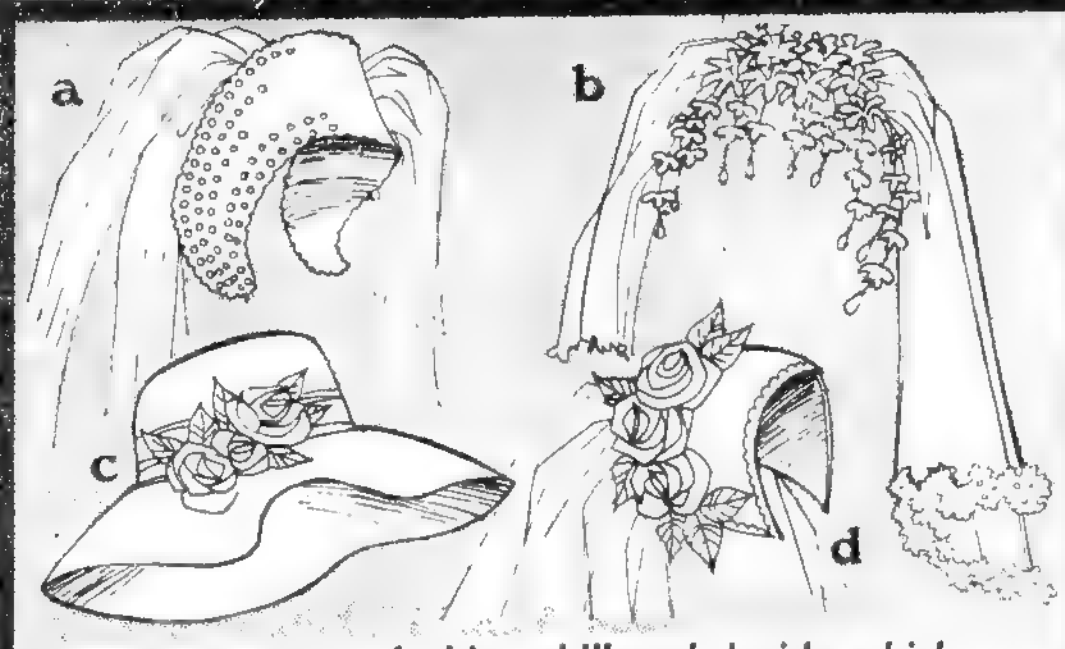
2—Can you decipher the missing words in the letter?

Dear Mary ,

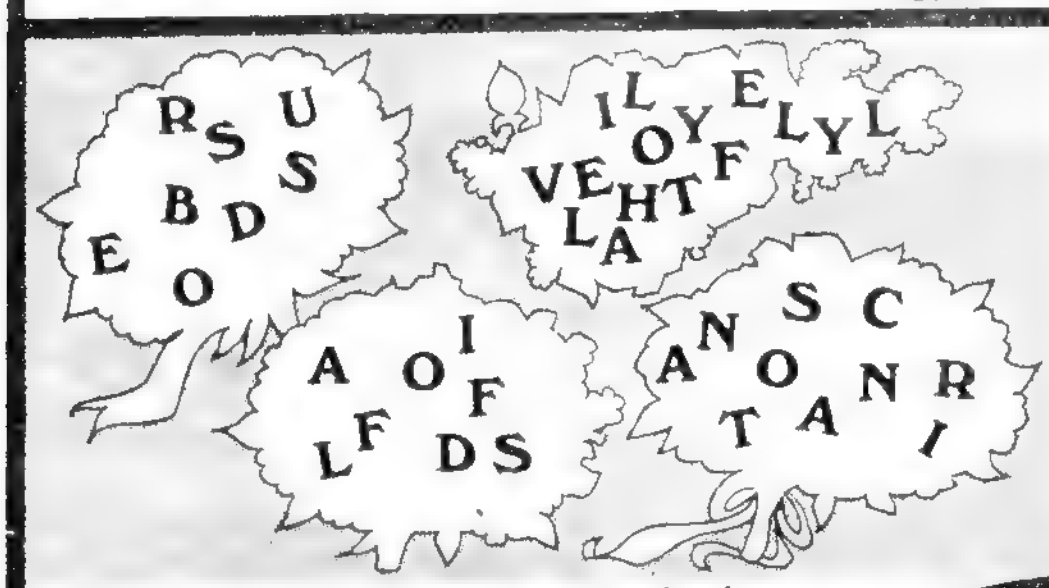
Last week we went to a *The bride wore a s*  *dress and the*  *wore* *patterned dresses of* *die. I gave the* *a* *for* .

The reception was at *in the* *Hotel where I had a piece of wedding* . *When the* *and* *left for the* *we showered them with* .

Love from 

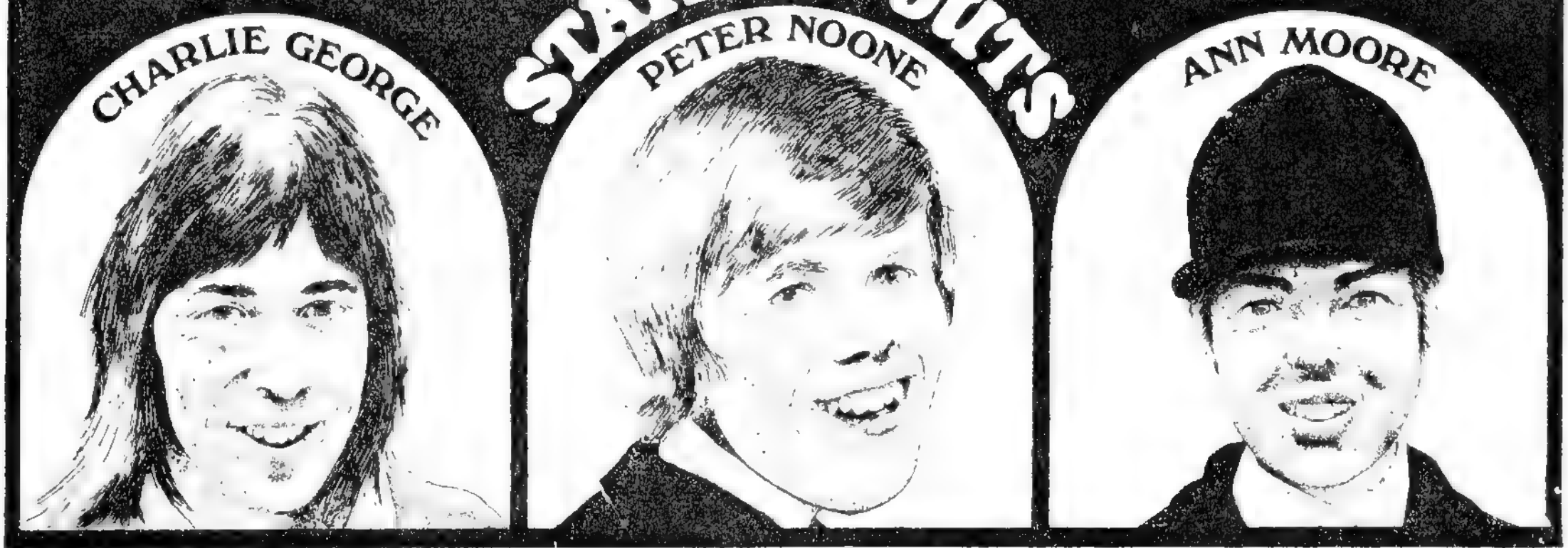


4—Use your fashion skill and decide which headdress would best suit which wedding dress.



3—Unscramble the letters inside the bouquets and find out what the flowers are.

STAR CUT-OUTS



Answers

1—b and d. 2—Bell, wedding, silk, bridesmaids, flower, organdie, bride, horseshoe, luck, 3 o'clock, Lake, cake, bride, groom, honeymoon, confetti, Jane. 3—Rosebuds, Lily-of-the-Valley, Daffodils, Carnations. 4—a2, b3, c4, d1.

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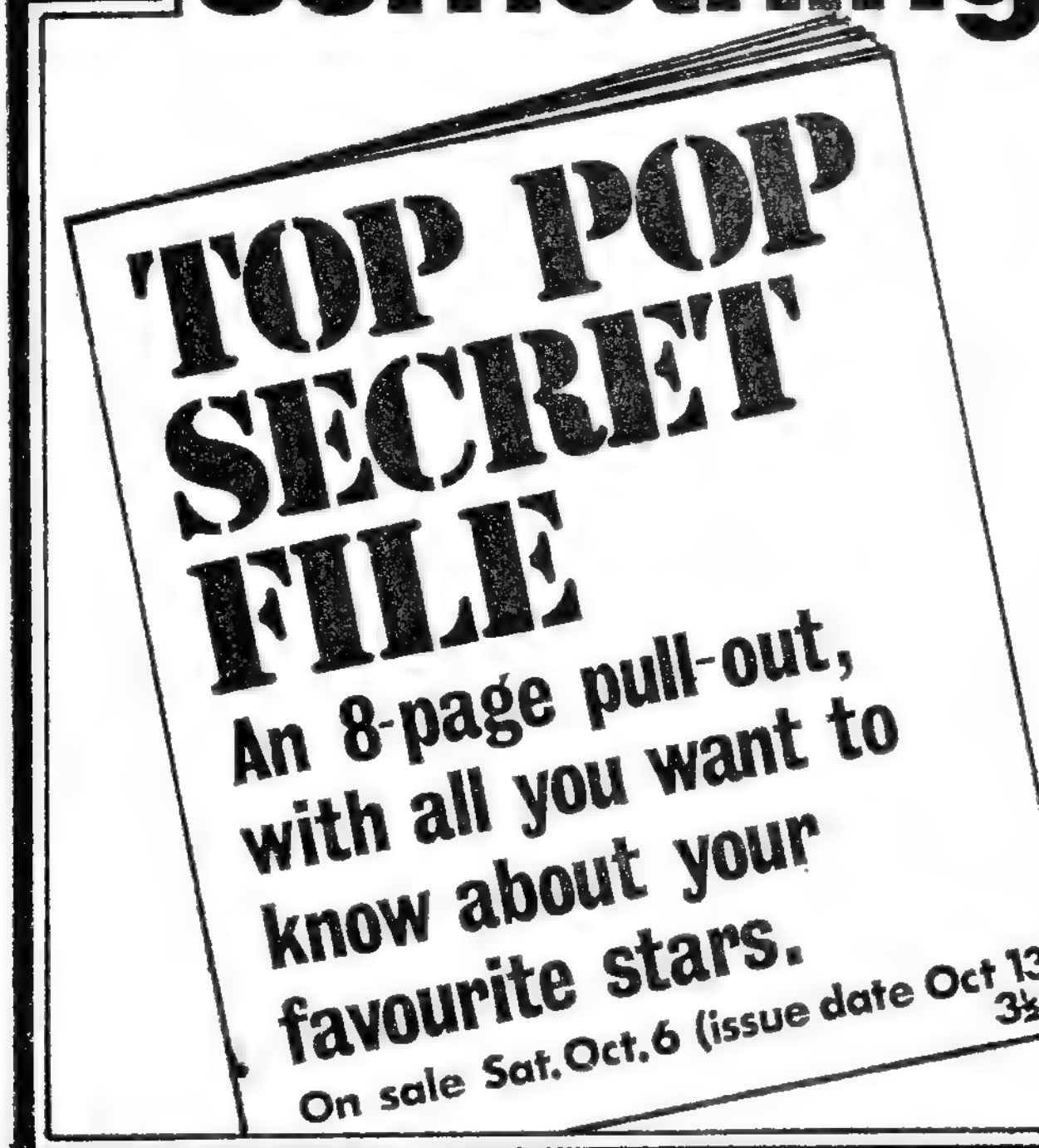
WD1

something special in Diana


TOP POP SECRET FILE
An 8-page pull-out, with all you want to know about your favourite stars.
On sale Sat. Oct. 6 (issue date Oct 13)
3½p

★It's her greatest so far—a night out with a pop star.★

POPPY'S POP STARS

YOUNG Poppy Parker was daft about pop!

Mum, Dad! That phone call—I've won the competition in my pop fan magazine! The prize is an evening out with Jason Mason!

CLICK

Who's he?

He's the greatest, that's who! I must tell my friends!

And he's been the greatest on Poppy's list for at least a week!

WIZZ

But Poppy had some trouble convincing her friends.

Jason Mason? Pull the other one, Poppy!

You've got to be joking!

It's true, I tell you! I've won the competition!

He's taking me to the Swell Restaurant tomorrow night. You'll see.

We'll be even prouder when we do.

The next evening.

Eeek! Where did you get that outfit from, Poppy? And you're wearing my make-up and false eyelashes! Are you going to a fancy-dress party?

Of course not, Mum! You have to dress trendy to go out with a pop star!

Go and scrub your face and put on that nice little blue dress!

THE JOY OF SPRING

Oh, Dad! Jason Mason will think I'm dead square!

I'm not too sure about this evening out. I think I ought to keep a fatherly eye on our Poppy.

Yes, perhaps you're right.

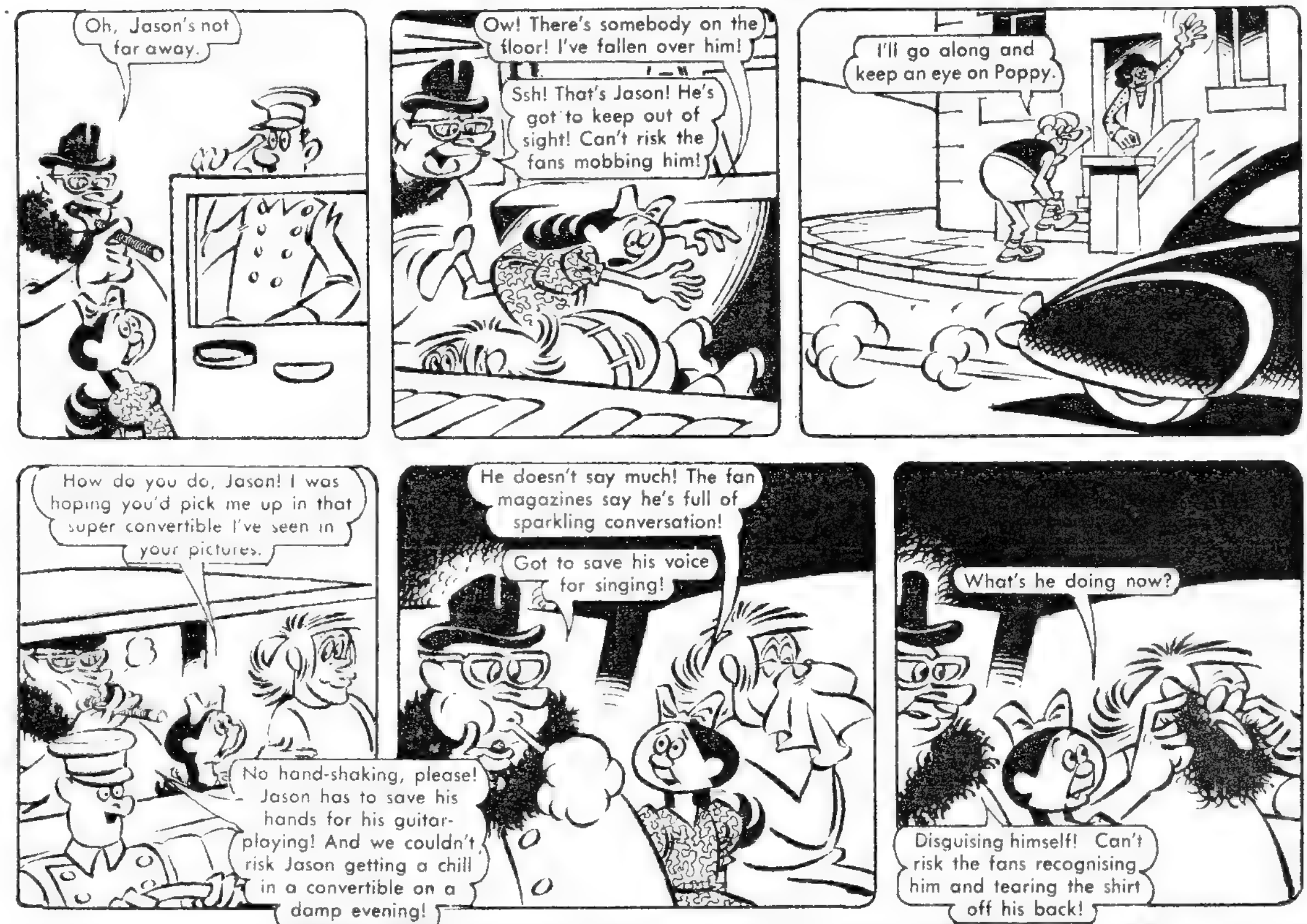
JASON MASON

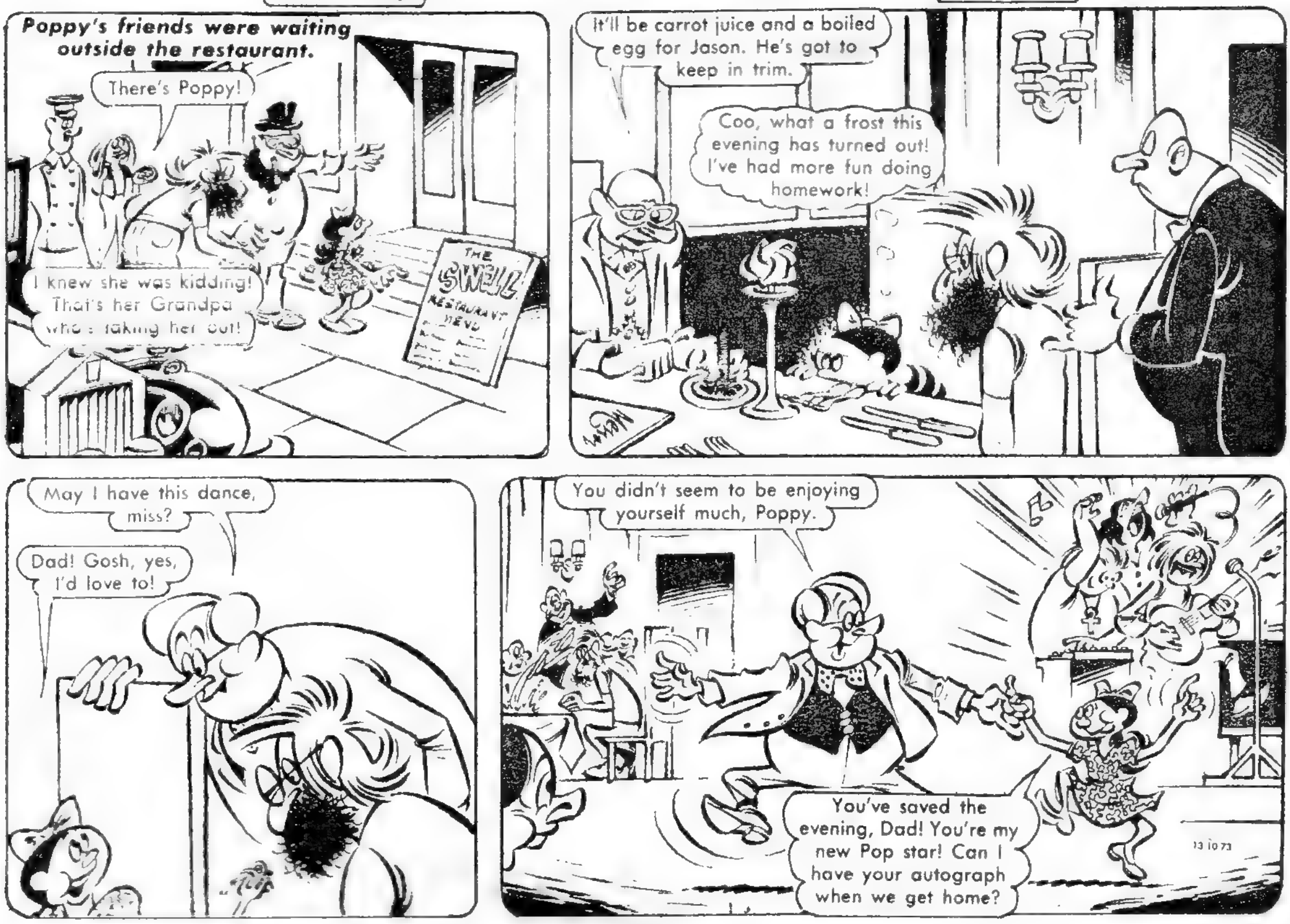
Poppy changed. Then came a knock at the door.

I'm Lew Hake, Jason's agent. Are you ready, young lady?

Coo! Yes, please! But where's Jason? I wanted everybody to see him collecting me!

" Coo, what a frost this evening has turned out!"


Oh, Jason's not far away.
Ow! There's somebody on the floor! I've fallen over him!
Ssh! That's Jason! He's got to keep out of sight! Can't risk the fans mobbing him!
I'll go along and keep an eye on Poppy.
How do you do, Jason! I was hoping you'd pick me up in that super convertible I've seen in your pictures.
He doesn't say much! The fan magazines say he's full of sparkling conversation!
Got to save his voice for singing!
What's he doing now?
No hand-shaking, please! Jason has to save his hands for his guitar-playing! And we couldn't risk Jason getting a chill in a convertible on a damp evening!
Disguising himself! Can't risk the fans recognising him and tearing the shirt off his back!


Poppy's friends were waiting outside the restaurant.
There's Poppy!
I knew she was kidding! That's her Grandpa who's taking her out!
THE SWELL RESTAURANT MENU
It'll be carrot juice and a boiled egg for Jason. He's got to keep in trim.
Coo, what a frost this evening has turned out! I've had more fun doing homework!
May I have this dance, miss?
Dad! Gosh, yes, I'd love to!
You didn't seem to be enjoying yourself much, Poppy.
You've saved the evening, Dad! You're my new Pop star! Can I have your autograph when we get home?
13 10 73

Poppy goes souvenir-hunting, ***NEXT WEEK.***

NOBODY LOVES NANCY

Nancy is made a prisoner ★ in her new home. ★

A YOUNG girl who had been found suffering from loss of memory was given the name of Nancy.

One of the women who claimed that she was Nancy's mother turned out to be a pick pocket.

I won't stay here. I sensed she wasn't my mother when I first set eyes on her.
The kid knows a about our racket now. Mabel! Better lock the door

I don't believe you're my parents! I don't think I've ever been in this house before. Where is your proof?
Get out the photograph album, Mabel.

I . . . I don't recognise any of them.
That's you second from the left. It's not very clear, you must have moved. The other kids are your friends.

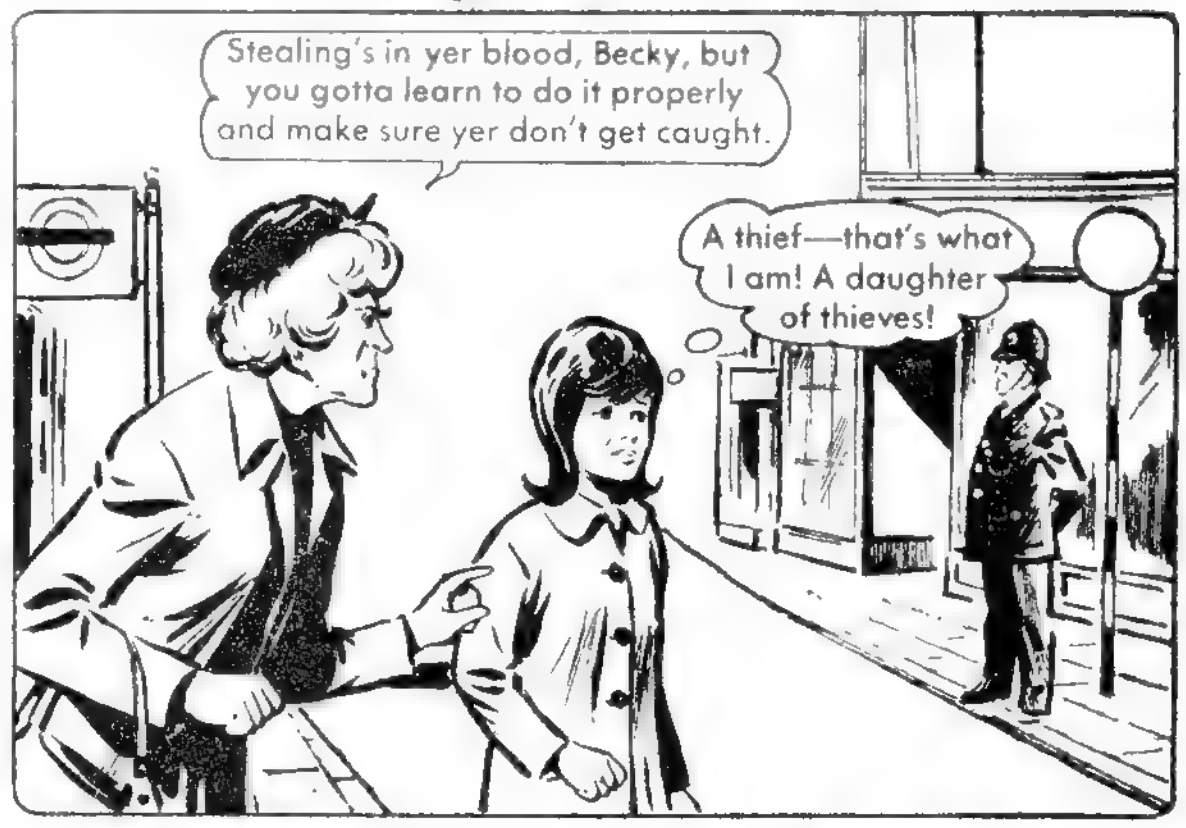
But there are bars at the school windows— why?
Oh, didn't we tell you, dearie—you went to a Special School. Your friends are still in there.

" Even worse—I'm a criminal myself!"

Twelve mothers have come to claim me and I only have to stay here for a fortnight—unless my memory returns and proves that this is where I really belong.

The next morning—
I'm not hungry, thank you. I . . . I'll just go straight to school.
School? Don't you worry about that. We can teach you all you have to learn in this house.

" A thief—that's what I am!"


Stealing's in yer blood, Becky, but you gotta learn to do it properly and make sure yer don't get caught.
A thief—that's what I am! A daughter of thieves!

What will happen to Nancy now? Find out NEXT WEEK.

★ What a lark—Teeny's bath in the park! ★

TEENY the GENIE

Tsk, tsk! Who left the stopper off this vinegar bottle?

Oh, no, let me out! I only hopped in here to hide for a while.

TEENY GENIE had been banished from Genie School for a hundred years. Teeny was at a mortals school where she had hoped to make friends.

I always seem to end up trapped in some sort of bottle. It must be part of the spell that was put on me when I was banished.

But suddenly . . .

I like lots of vinegar on my fish and chips.

It's the headmistress!

Where did you spring from, girl?

Thanks for letting me out. But it's time I wasn't here.

In the park . . .

Sniff-sniff. Poooh!

Oh, dear, being trapped in that bottle has left me smelling of vinegar. I wish I had a nice bath to soak in!

Being a genie, Teeny often found her wishes came true.

Oh—I didn't actually mean right here in the park.

Hurrah! The park pond has dried up, but we can paddle here and play with our boats.

Later . . .

Now the children have finished playing, perhaps I can have my bath.

Wooooof!

Ouch! I was after a bath, not a shower.

What's this? Someone has been dumping rubbish in my park.

The park-keeper thinks my bath is scrap-iron.

I'll put up this notice: Someone will cart this old rubbish away and save me a job.

FREE BATH PLEASE TAKE

It's ages since I had a bath and someone's even provided posh bath salts and towels.

FREE BATH PLEASE TAKE

Ah well, I suppose his need is greater than mine.

This must be a new idea of the park keeper's, providing free bath facilities. I must tell all my friends.

Oh well, the tramp's happy. But the park keeper's going to have a hard job explaining this when all the tramps in the district arrive for a free bath.

OCTOBER 13 1973 DEB

Trouble in the flask for Teeny —NEXT WEEK.

★Today our Tandy is a scream as she makes windows gleam!★

HANDY TANDY

I'll have a stroll round town and see what work I can get.

I wonder if that window cleaner needs any help?

I'm just going for my lunch, Miss, I'd be glad if you would take over till I get back.

Leave it to me.

I say, Missy, could you come and clean my windows?

That's them—right at the top. It should be easy for an experienced window cleaner like you.

Phew! What a nerve-racking job. I'm sorry I took it now.

Avast, there, Missy. Could you come and clean my windows? They're in need of a good wash.

Golly! I'll be here all night.

How was I to know he was a ship's captain?

Back at the window cleaner's office.

GONE HOME! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? REPORT TO 150 BROWN ST IMMEDIATELY!

At last! I've been looking all over town for you. Come in—I've got a job for you!

As you're so keen on cleaning windows get moving on my daughter's doll's house.

SHAME

That's me finished with window-cleaning.

Hello, Dad. Are we going for a spin in the car?

I was wondering if you would clean the windows first.

More windows. I just don't seem to be able to get away from them.

What a lovely job, Tandy. You should have been a window cleaner!

Oh, no!

I'll have my tea, now. I think I deserve it!

I won't do it— I WON'T!

What's up with Tandy?

I only asked her to clean my spectacles.

'NEXT WEEK—Tandy gets a job in a circus!

Penny's Post

Hi, girls,

Penny here—has anything exciting ever happened to you, do you know a funny story or perhaps a handy hint. If so, why not drop me a line? If your letter is published in "DEBBIE", you'll have the choice of a super prize, such as a WATCH, CAMERA, POSTAL ORDER, RECORD TOKEN or HOCKEY STICK. But remember, all your efforts must be original. Also tell me the two stories you like best in "DEBBIE".

'Bye for now, *Penny*

GIGGLES

Q. What is a humbug?
A. A singing insect.

Q. What did the doctor say to the patient who had swallowed a spoon?
A. Sit down, and don't stir.

Q. Why did the two flies play football in a saucer?
A. They were practising for the cup.

UNA DUNNE of Dublin wins a Postal Order.

BATTY BOOKS

"Musical Instruments" by Clara Net.
"Fruit" by Tom Ato.
"Kings and Queens" by Roy Alty.
"Vegetables" by B. Troot.

MARGARET FLEMING of Perth, gets a Postal Order.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK.

TRUFFLES.

INGREDIENTS

8 tablespoons of oats.
6 tablespoons of coconut.
2 tablespoons of drinking chocolate.
2 oz. margarine.
3 tablespoons sugar.
3 tablespoons milk.

METHOD

Mix first three ingredients. Put milk, sugar and margarine into a pan and heat gently. When melted pour into mixture and stir. Leave to cool slightly, then roll into balls and coat with coconut.

ELIZABETH RUDMAN of Cheltenham wins a Postal Order.

SMASHING TIME

A girl I know goes to Karate classes, and one day her friend, Helen Brown, invited her to tea. Helen showed her a coffee table Mr Brown had recently completed and said "I bet you couldn't split this in two with your karate chop." She stood back, then darted forward, tripped on a toy car, and fell on the table, smashing it to bits!

SUSAN RICHARDS of Telscourte Cliffs wins a Postal Order.

BEAUTY QUEEN IN MAY

One day, I went to a May Fair, and I found out there was going to be a May Queen contest, so I decided to enter just for fun. Imagine my surprise when I won! Especially since I had on my old jeans and top.

TINA READING of St Briajels wins a Postal Order.

PUZZLE

Bill runs round the park seven times. The first time it takes him five minutes. Each time he goes round he is 30 seconds slower. How long does it take on the last round?

ANSWER: 8 minutes.

IRENE KOMODOROMOU of Fulham wins a camera.

MONEY TROUBLE

I was on the bus one day when I saw 10p lying in front of me. I picked it up and gave it to the conductor, and then I found I had a hole in my purse. The 10p had been mine!

A camera goes to JACKIE SMITH of Lewes.

LIMERICK

There was a young man of Blackheath,
Whose home was robbed by a thief.
Oh what a gag!
There was no swag!
Just a tumbler that held his false teeth!

PATRICIA ROBEY of Awaston wins a camera.

LAUGHTER TIME!

Woman: "This coffee tastes like mud."
Waitress: "I'm not surprised It was fresh ground this morning."

Doctor: "You need glasses"
Patient: "How do you know?"
Doctor: "I could tell the moment you walked through the window!"

A camera goes to JUNE WILSON, of Paisley.

GUESS WHO!

My friend and I travel to school together. It's a long journey and we often pass the time trying to guess the occupation of the other passengers.

One day, we picked on a tall, well-dressed gentleman. "He's a solicitor," I whispered. "No," said my friend. "Looks like a high ranking civil servant."

At the next stop he rose and just as he was passing, he bent and whispered in our ears: "Bank clerk, actually—still, it was a good try."

A camera goes to DEBORAH MORROW, of Belfast.

JOKE TIME

Q. What is black, white and red all over?
A. A blushing zebra.

Q. If a green stone fell into the Red Sea, what would happen?
A. It would sink.

A watch goes to JILLIAN PRICE, of St. Ives.

A PRICKLY TALE?

I am a member of the Animal Defenders League, so I was excited when Mum called me down to see her feed a baby hedgehog. It waits for Mum to put down bread and milk and if she's late, it rattles the saucer! It comes at 10 p.m. so I don't often see him, but my sister and I have christened him Tiny.

EILEEN COX, of Worcester Park, wins a watch.

LIMERICK

There was a wee man from France,
Who could neither jump nor dance.
He tried so hard,
That he tripped on some lard,
And ripped a big hole in his pants.

A camera goes to JOAN NELSON, of Newtownards.

POP SONGS COMPETITION PRIZEWINNERS

First Prize of a TV Set has been awarded to:-
DEBORAH MARTIN, STANNINGLEY ROAD, LEEDS 13

1,000 sew-on badges of JIMMY OSMOND have also been awarded.

Marsalla OF THE MISTS

The terrible test at the Well of Truth!

MARSALLA *was a girl who lived in the Welsh mountains with her dog, Rex.*

Time to visit the Wise Woman, Rex. We haven't seen her for a while.

I don't like this place they call the Well of Truth. The water looks dark and cold. It's an eerie place. I must ask the Wise Woman about it.

Women from the village in the valley! I wonder what they want? But come, Rex, the Wise Woman's cave is near here.

Greetings, girl. It is good to see you.

You have taught me much, Wise One, but I still have much to learn about the hills.

What do you know of the Well of Truth, Wise One? I have just seen some village women going in that direction.

Are they reviving the old follies? We must go there at once, girl!

There are the women. What are these follies you speak of?

The Well is supposed to decide between guilt and innocence. If it did so once, it does no longer.

Stop! I know what you plan, and you must not do it!

Who are you? Do not interfere! I've come to prove my innocence of theft! I shall jump the Well!

I've lost a valuable brooch, and Glenda here says Beth took it. Beth remembered the old custom, and asked to be judged by the Well of Truth.

I do not accuse Beth, I just say I saw her going to your house, and she does not deny it.

" Marsalla, your dog can help us here!"

The legend says that the innocent make the jump safely, but the guilty will fall. The last judgement was many years ago. The accused then was innocent, but she fell! See, the jump has grown wider over the years. Frost and rain have broken the edge away.

She could be right! Don't risk it, Beth!

Let me take the hands of accused and accuser!

What are you doing? Let me go!

I have learnt enough! Marsalla, your dog can help us here!

The dog began to circle round the women.

You are the one who lost the brooch. Let Rex pick up the scent from something else you own. Yes, the scarf will do!

Seek, Rex!

He's barking at me! Call him off!

He will not harm you. But you must tell the truth.

This is ridiculous! What can the dog hope to find?

No! Keep away from me!

She's trying to escape! Stop! Don't jump!

Aagh!

Glenaa's fallen!

She's in the water!

Marsalla is going after her!

" But how are we going to get them out?"

Thank you for your help. But the Well of Truth did clear me, after all.
The Well takes both innocent and guilty! Glenda has escaped, as did the innocent woman I spoke of. But do not appeal to the Well again. You may not be so fortunate.

How do you know so much of what happened in the past? Wise One, were you the innocent woman put to the test?
You have learned a little more about the hills today, girl. Let that be enough!

NEXT WEEK—Marsalla rescues a man who could betray her!

SECOND WEEK OF DEBBIE'S FREE Pop Groups COMPETITION

Each picture represents the name of a well known pop group. The letters of the title words have been mixed up. Study the pictures carefully and use your skill and judgement to decide what the pop groups are.

POP GROUPS comp. Section 2

5

6

7

8

Cut out the four pictures each week and keep them in a safe place until you have all three weeks—12 pictures in all. Along with the final section which will appear next week—you'll be given the address to which you send all three parts with your answers fitted in.

In case you missed the first part of the competition which appeared last week it has been specially printed.

POP GROUPS Comp. Section 1

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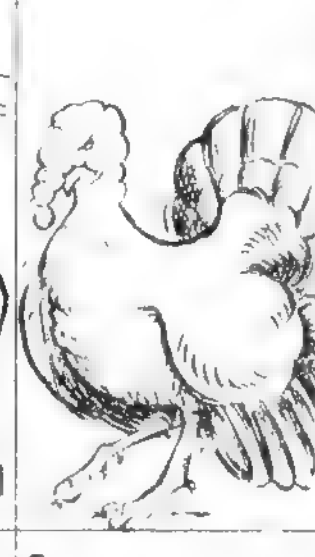
			
1	2	3	4

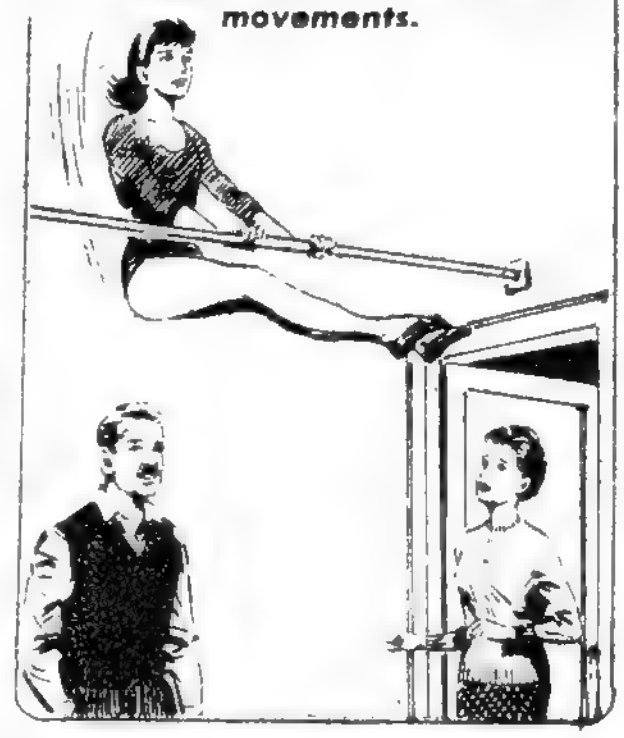
GRACEFUL GLORIA

A nosey neighbour means ★ trouble for Gloria. ★

SINCE giving up ballet school, young Gloria Delman's ambition was to become a champion gymnast.

Gloria's Dad had rigged up practice bars in the house.

Gloria's Dad, an ex PT instructor in the Army had taught her that good position in gymnastics was as important as the actual movements.



Mum I'll never become a gymnast if you keep worrying all the time.
Ballet was a lot more lady-like.
Careful Gloria, or you'll hurt yourself.

Mrs Jameson went to complain.
What's going on here? You've cracked my wall.
Oh, I'm sure you're exaggerating, Mrs Jameson, It's only Gloria doing some exercises.

" I'll never dance again."

I'm sorry if I'm noisy, Mrs Jameson. I need a mat to land on to deaden the sound. I'll have to learn to land quietly anyway.

It's disgraceful letting the girl run about dressed like that! She would wear proper clothes if she were my daughter.

Later—

Don't worry about Mrs Jameson, Mum. She's just a busybody.

Well, she's a trouble maker when she's roused, Gloria. Now off you go to school.

Gloria's classmates were a rough bunch.

Here comes her ladyship the ballet dancer.

Yeah! She looks a real stuck up square.

Miss Plover the gym mistress came to see Gloria.

Oh, Gloria. We're having a school concert soon. Would you dance some ballet for us.

She's sucking up to the teachers already. We'll soon fix her!

I'm sorry, Miss, but I was asked to leave ballet school because my dancing was poor. I'll never dance again.

Oh well, if that's how you feel about it! I'm sorry I asked.

You're learnin' fast, around here we never volunteer, never do anythin' we don't have to!

Miss Plover was mad at me but she couldn't know how heart-broken I was when I gave up ballet. But now I'll stick to my gymnastics.

When Gloria arrived home—

Who's that man? Mum does look worried—I hope there's nothing wrong.

This man's from the Town Hall. He says there have been complaints about the noise. We've been forbidden to make alterations in the house, too, so the bars will have to come down.

Old Mrs Jameson did this. Now that I've upset Miss Plover, too, she'll never allow me to use the school gym. Where can I practise my gymnastics now?

The police are called to Gloria's house, NEXT WEEK.

POETS' Corner

If you would like to send a poem to POETS' CORNER your entry must be YOUR OWN ORIGINAL WORK and not have appeared in any other publication. Send your poems to—POETS CORNER, DEBBIE, 18a Hollingsworth Street, London N7 8SA.

★★★

QUEEN IRENE

SHE DOESN'T HAVE A BEAN

YOUNG Queen Irene of Sylvania and her Prime Minister, Fritz Splitz, had a big problem—there was no money in the royal kitty!

★The flower-girl queen!

Your Majesty! Sitting outside your own palace, selling flowers from the royal garden! Dear me!

We've got to make ends meet somehow, Fritz!

5 GROPEKS A BUNCH

One bunch, sir? Thank you, sir!

Tut, tut! The Queen a flower girl—most unseemly!

5 GRO A BUNC

My first sale, Fritz! And nice new coins, too, not the grubby ones we normally get.

There have been many complaints about the old coins, Your Majesty. But no new ones have been made since King Otto closed the Royal Mint. He couldn't pay the Royal Coinmaker's wages.

Then where did these coins come from? I want a word with that young man Fritz!

Dear me! Yes, indeed! Excuse me, Your Majesty, I will join you in a moment.

Hi, stop! Gosh; he's running! He must have a guilty conscience!

He went round here! What's that get-up, Fritz? Another of your many jobs?

This may be a case of forgery, Your Majesty, so I have taken up my post as Head of C.I.D. Allow me to go first.

Oooh! I've missed!

Quick, Gretchen! Throw me your case!

OOF!

That's Superintendant Splitz of the C.I.D.! And I want to know where you got that money you gave me?

Is that all? We're eloping to Gratner Grun, and I thought you were trying to stop us! The jeweller gave me the money in change when I bought Gretchen's ring.

" Open in the name of the Queen!"

At the jeweller's.
A man bought some expensive jewellery from me and paid with new money. I thought the Royal Mint had started work again. Have I been swindled? Wait! The man said he had a printing business in Schloss Street!
Forward to Schloss Street!
This is it! Open in the name of the Queen!
PRINTERS
Hang on, Fritz. There may be a back door!
Irene hurried round to the back.
Here's a way in! And here are the crooks, on the way out!
Here, you can have your dud money back!
Aagh!
Seize them! Tally-ho, Fritz!
GROPEKS HOME MADE
PFENNIGS HOME MADE
You two seem rather good at this, so we've decided you will start work in the Royal Mint, making honest money! I'm sure you'd prefer that to prison! But don't help yourselves to any samples!
Look at all this lolly! Tempting, isn't it, Fritz?
10 GROPEKS
Yes, Your Majesty! But one cannot make one's own money! It must be earned! Fortunately I came equipped to sentence these forgers. One moment while I become the Lord Chief Justice.
No, your Majesty! Thank you, Your Majesty! We'll turn out money you can be proud of!
I've recovered my jewellery. If you'll excuse me, Your Majesty, I'll get back to my shop.
I've got to get back to work, too! I've only sold one bunch of flowers so far, and I got paid for that in counterfeit cash! Come on, Fritz, let's start earning some of the money that the Royal Mint is going to turn out!

NEXT WEEK—If you want to get ahead — get a hat! That's Irene's motto.

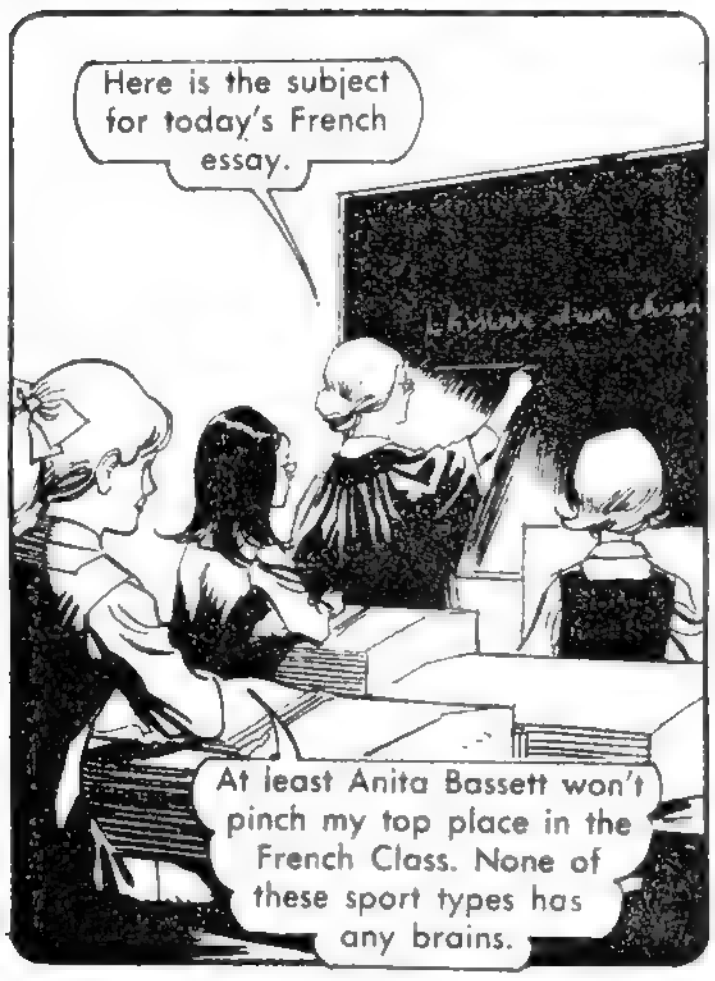
The Stiffies of St Frys

★ Anita has to pick a new teacher for St Frys. ★

ANITA BASSETT came from a family of sports champions. When the headmistress of St Frys School discovered this, she made Anita Sports Captain . . . on her very first day.

My second day at St Frys, and I haven't made one single friend. At my old school, the Sports Captain was one of the most popular girls.
Headmistress's pet!

You must be the new pupil. I'm Miss Prentiss, and I teach Languages and Geography.
My two favourite subjects—and Miss Prentiss looks very kind.


Here is the subject for today's French essay.
At least Anita Bassett won't pinch my top place in the French Class. None of these sport types has any brains.

But when the essays were marked . . .

Well done, Anita. Your grammar is excellent and you express yourself well in French.
As long as I can concentrate on my lessons, instead of sport, I'll do well in the other subjects too.

Suddenly a bell began to ring . . .

As you are Sports Captain, I want you to pick a few teams, for hockey—or tennis—anything you like. The girls are now ready to be inspected.
Miss Bell—did you really stop all lessons, just so I could choose some teams? There was really no need.

" I'm not doing what a First Year kid tells me."

You're forgetting that sport is now very important here. If we are to win trophies, the teams need to be trained.

And I only want to be an ordinary student.

This is an impossible task. I can't choose any girls until I've seen what they can do on the sports field.

Well—you're the expert! You can take the rest of the day to put each girl through her paces.

So Anita was left in charge.

What a cheek! I'm not doing what a First Year kid tells me.

Er—excuse me. Shall we start with running on the spot?

Listen, worm! This afternoon is our Music Club, in the school hall. We're not interested in sport. We intend to continue as if you weren't here.

But Miss Bell is so keen to make good sportswomen out of you. At least give it a try!

That afternoon.

That's a lovely piece of music. I'd rather listen to 'Swan Lake' any day, than dash about a hockey pitch!

I'll be in real trouble with Miss Bell if I don't get them interested in sport or athletics pretty soon.

What on earth is she doing?

I'll start them off gently with a few exercises in time to the music.

And soon . . .

Keep to the beat of the music, and let your arms swing in a relaxed way.

Hey, this is fun!

Anita, why are you wasting time with these half-hearted exercises? The girls should be out in the fresh air, training hard.

Miss Bell is impatient for results. She'll never agree to capture the girls interest gradually. I must think of a reason why they can't train outside.

The school doesn't have showers. It would be most unhealthy for the girls to get hot and sticky during training, and then not be able to shower.

Very well—but make the girls wear gym shorts to do these exercises—and report back to the quad afterwards.

Soon . . .

As long as you don't expect us to do anything more energetic than this, Anita, perhaps it won't be so bad.

They're even smiling at me now. If only Miss Bell will let me introduce sport at my own pace, the girls won't be put off.

13.10.73

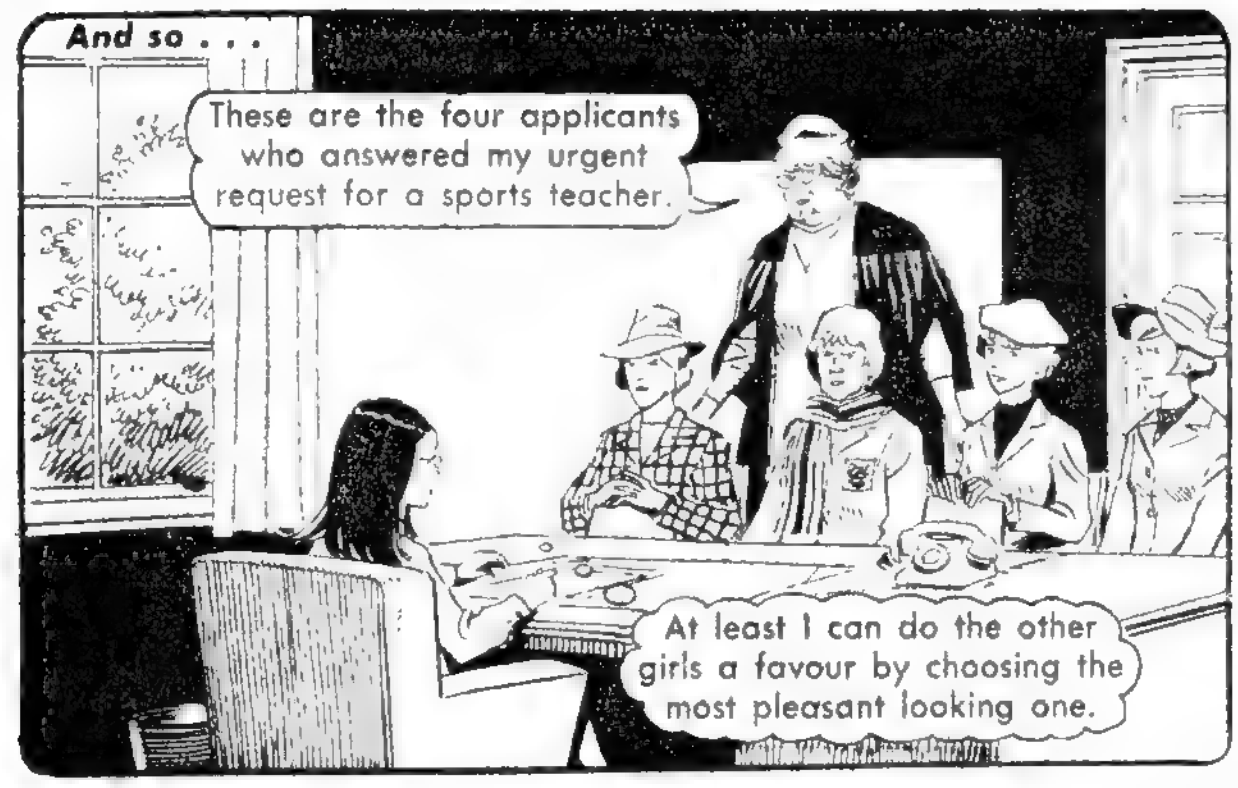
" Me—appointing a teacher! What next?"

Afterwards . . .
I w-wonder why we had to come to the quad after our exercises?
Here's Miss Bell— and surely that's a hose she's carrying!

Ouch! It's c-cold!
Anita said it was unhealthy not to shower after sporting activities. Until we can afford proper showers, this will have to do.

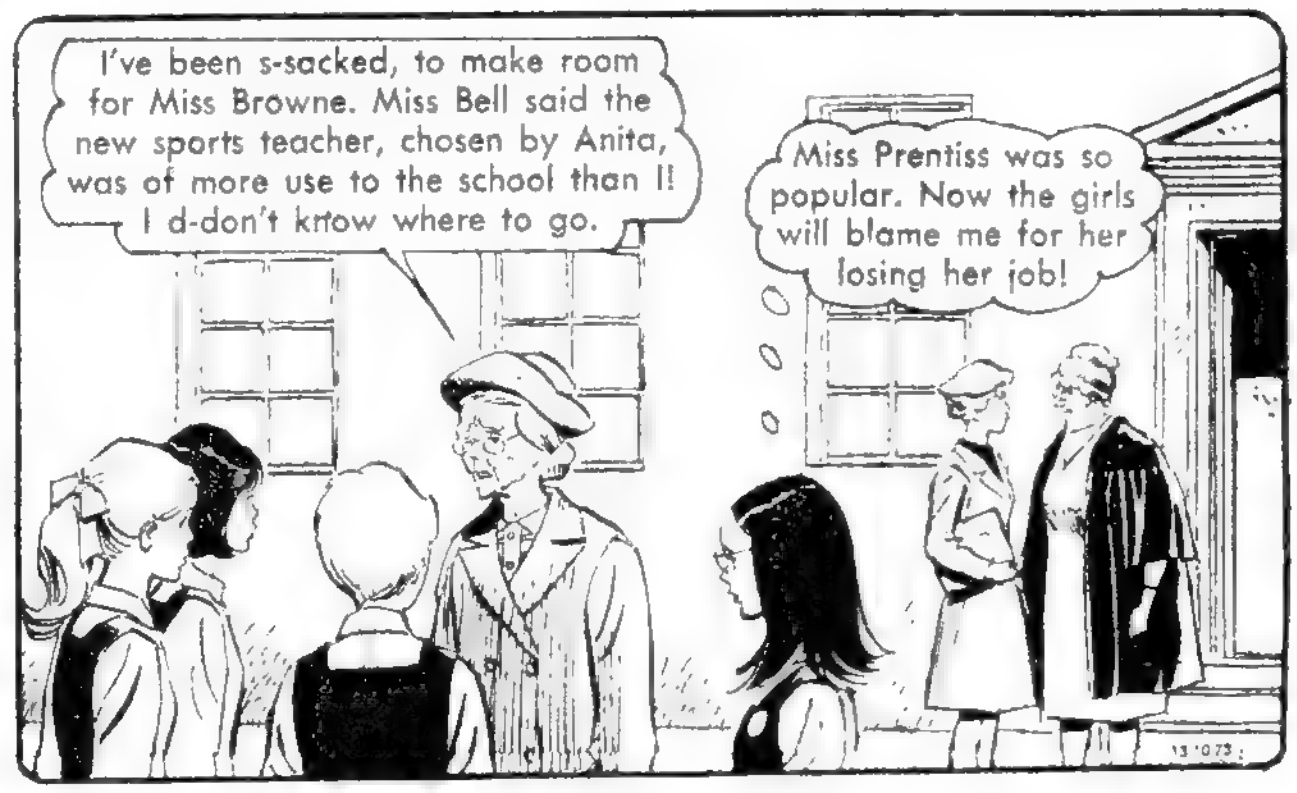
That was your doing again, Anita Bassett, telling the Head we had to shower. I'll never forgive you!
Just as I was getting close to the other girls, Miss Bell had to ruin everything.

Go and get changed, then report to my study. I've arranged some urgent interviews for a sports teacher for this school. You can appoint the best-qualified one.
Me—appointing a teacher! What next?


And so . . .
These are the four applicants who answered my urgent request for a sports teacher.
At least I can do the other girls a favour by choosing the most pleasant looking one.

Afterwards . . .

What's wrong with Miss Prentiss?
Sob-sob!
Don't upset yourself. You're long past retiring age anyhow. I'll see your trunk is sent on.

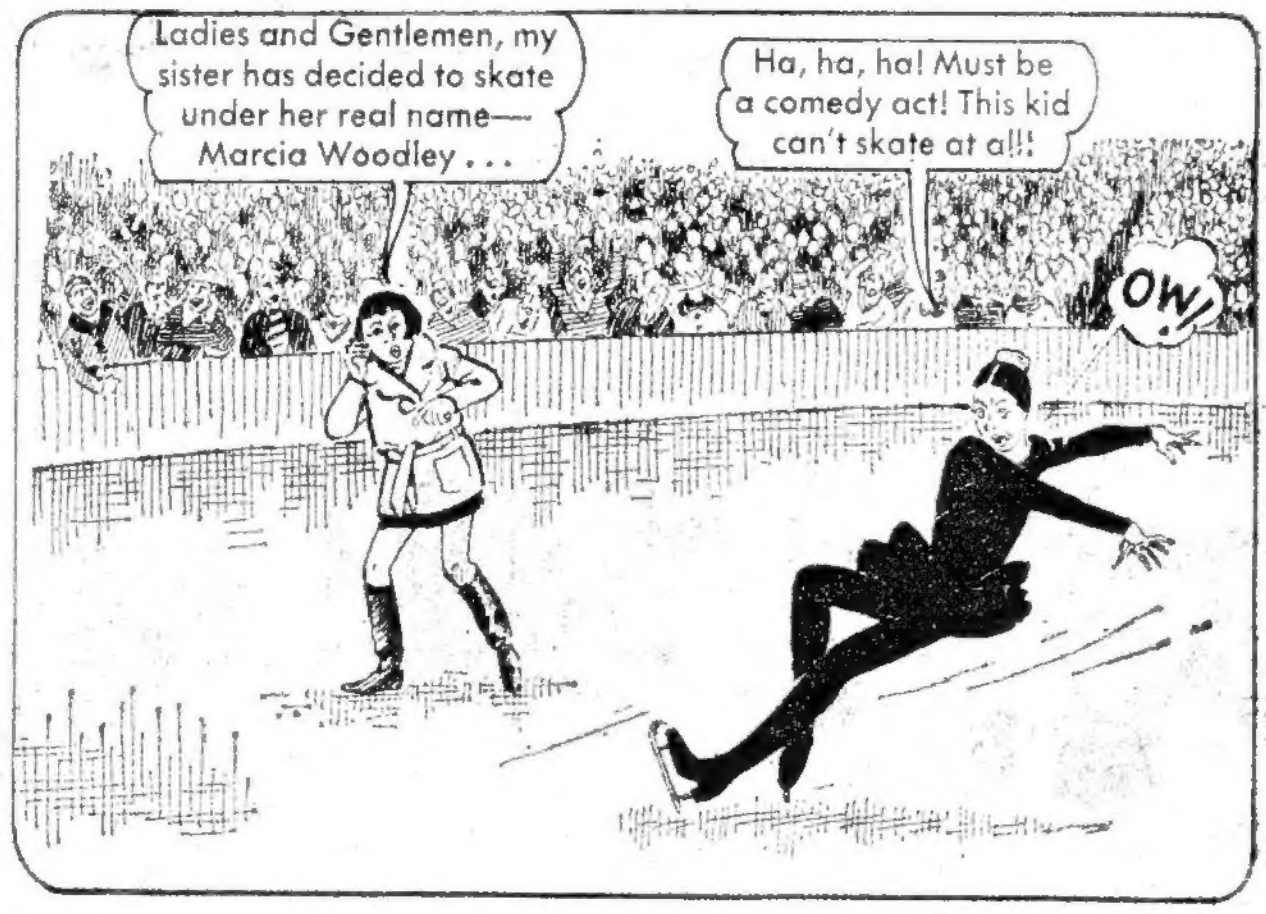

I've been s-sacked, to make room for Miss Browne. Miss Bell said the new sports teacher, chosen by Anita, was of more use to the school than I! I d-don't know where to go.
Miss Prentiss was so popular. Now the girls will blame me for her losing her job!

Anita must give the new teacher orders, NEXT WEEK.

MARCIA
–MYSTERY SKATER

★ The skating champion who must learn to skate!

AMY WOODLEY had saved her sister Marcia from Madame Vanders, under whose hypnotic influence she became the famous skater Katina Carr. No longer hypnotised, Marcia was unable to skate—and she was a competitor in the World Championships.


Ladies and Gentlemen, my sister has decided to skate under her real name— Marcia Woodley . . .
Ha, ha, ha! Must be a comedy act! This kid can't skate at all!!
OW!

I hope you're satisfied with your meddling! I'd have made her the world champion—and look what you've done.
I've freed her from you!

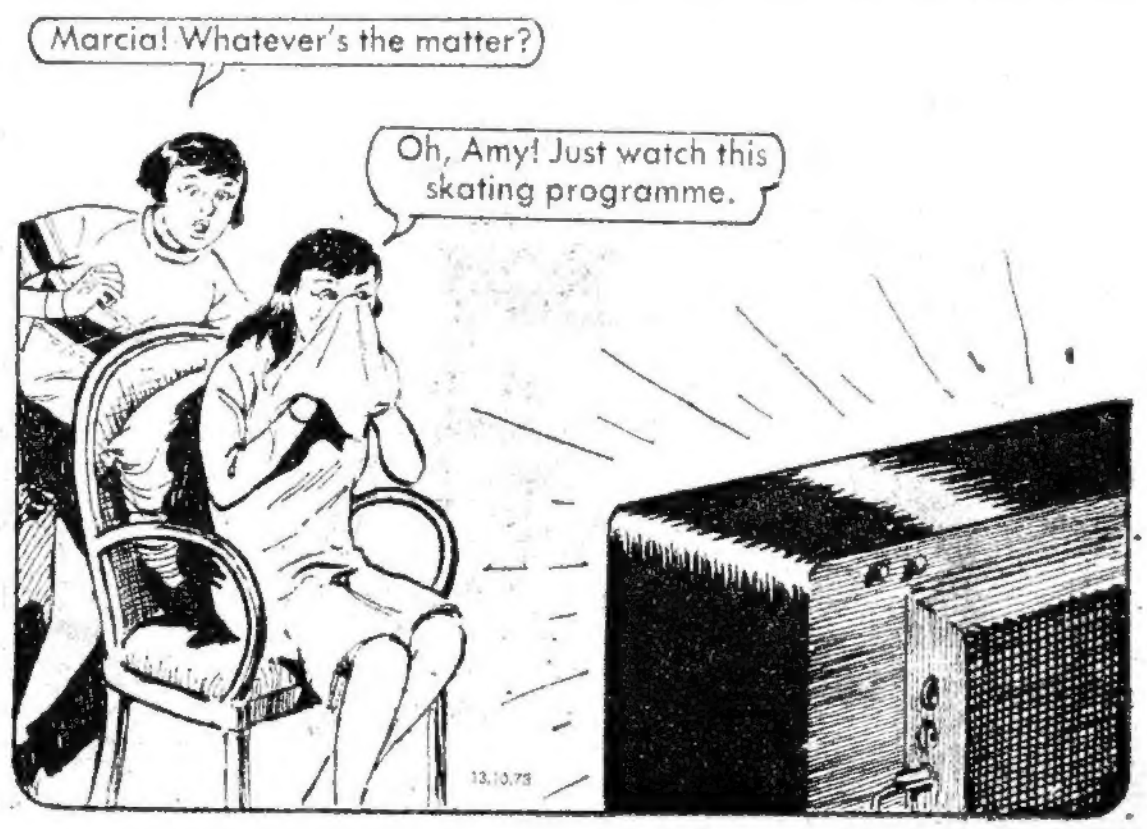
Just then—

Ah! Found you at last, you evil woman!
I'll have no more trouble from Madame Vanders, now that her husband has caught up with her!

Marcia, I want you to meet Lady Nanson, a skating judge. She helped me rescue you.
Thank you, Lady Nanson.
But is Marcia happy? Her expression is as sorrowful as ever.

But Amy forgot her worries when Marcia was reunited with her parents.

Several months later—



" I've left it far too late to learn."

. . . just watch this girl's style. She possesses such elevation that it allows her to perform the most difficult jumps with ease. What a pity this girl gave up skating.
I can't believe it— that's me!
Marcia, if you really want to skate again I'll help you.
Could you really make me skate like that again?
But later—
Ouch! That hurt.
Don't give up, Marcia. Get up and try again.
You must learn to bend both your knees, and glide like this.
You'll never make her into a skater now—she's too old!
That kid was right, Amy—I've left it far too late to learn.
But you forget all the knowledge that's hidden in your brain, Marcia. All we have to do is unlock that secret door.
Later—
That's it—you're travelling along well now. Not too fast, though! Remember you have to stop without brakes.
Crumbs! How?
Oh, no!
Ouch! Feel this lump on my head!
It's my fault. I should have taught you the way to stop before I got you started. I guess I'm a hopeless teacher at that!
Swing the hips forward, across the line of travel and at the same time try to turn your skates sharply across this line, at right angles to it.
Is this right?
15.10.79

" Something strange has happened to you."

Oh, Marcia, it's coming—it really is! Something strange has happened to you.

Must have been that bump on the head—suddenly I've got my confidence.

From that moment Marcia learned quickly, and Amy was so confident that she entered her sister in the next World Championships.

Are you sure Marcia is ready for this competition, Amy? The memory of the last disaster here must still be with her.

That worries me, too. But I've seen her skate just like in the old days when she was in a trance, only this time she has that magic sparkle.

Marcia did well in the figures and gained full marks once again, but she seemed a little shaky afterwards—

My legs feel like jelly, Amy. I'll never be fit enough for the 'free'.

Yes, you will. Somehow the energy will come, just when you need it.

Amy was right. Marcia pulled herself together for the performance of her life—

There is nothing but me and the ice! I know I can do it!

She hasn't made a wrong move, Amy. Oh, my heart is in my mouth.

So is mine! She's skating faster and jumping higher than ever before.

Marcia performed an amazing spin as a finale.

BRAVO

Pinch me, Amy—I'll wake up in a minute and find I'm only dreaming I'm a champion.

This is real enough, Marcia. I wonder if Madame Vanders is watching? All the misery she caused is forgotten now. Just think—I'm the sister of the greatest skater in the world!

13.10.73

THE END

A super new story starts NEXT WEEK—THE TRULY TERRIBLE TOT.

Ryan O'Neal

Our "Ticking Off" quiz this week, is all about super film-star, Ryan O'Neal. There are no prizes, but you can have lots of fun finding out how much you know about Ryan.

1—Ryan was born in the year?
a) 1941
b) 1940
c) 1943.

2—Where was Ryan born?
a) Washington
b) Los Angeles
c) San Francisco.

3—How tall is Ryan?
a) 5 ft. 9 in.
b) 5 ft. 11 in.
c) 6 ft.

4—Ryan had to finish his education in which city?
a) London
b) Munich
c) Ontario.

5—Ryan completed how many episodes of TV series Peyton Place?
a) 501
b) 520
c) 412.

6—In which film did Ryan star with actress Ali MacGraw?
a) "What's Up Doc?"
b) "The Games"
c) "Love Story".

ANSWERS:- *1-a, 2-b, 3-c, 4-b, 5-a, 6-c.*

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 12 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, London, EC4A 1BL.
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